

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1805

NO. 862.

## WINTER QUARTERS.

A TALE.

Dover Cliff.

CLAUDINE, my child, (said the venerable Count d'Arnaud to his daughter, as he stood mournfully gazing towards his native land,) our country is lost to us for ever; all our property devoted to plunder and usurpation; while we are cast, destitute and wretched, on the mercy of our enemies. "No, my dear father, (returned Claudine, with a smile of encouragement,) the English were never enemies to the distressed alien. A small space of water divides us from our distracted shore; but see how this cliff rises, as if in the conscious pre-eminence of virtue and glory; while, with the low'ring brow of indignation, it seems to say, Ocean, wash me from the vices of my blood-stained land; but wait to my protecting arms, the child of misery, the victim of loyalty and honour!" "Enthusiastic girl! (said the Count,) what avails the delusions of imagination? we have prolonged a miserable existence, it is true; but we have witnessed the destruction of all that could render life valuable." "No, my father, (replied Claudine,) we have preserved virtue and integrity." Her cheek glowed as she spoke, with the recollection of the indignities from which she had escaped, and her eyes were cast to the ground with a suffusion of tears. "True, my girl, (replied the old man, clasping her in his arms,) we have still treasures inexhaustible. Dure I to repine? but let us return; the air blows chill and damp." Claudine supported the feeble steps of her father, and conducted him to their humble lodging.

## MILITARY GALANTRY.

"A cursed pretty girl that! (cried Captain Naish, levelling his glass to the face of the abashed Claudine.) Ha, ha! *Une Emigrée!—Come-at-able*, by all that's divine." "She looks modest, (observed the young Lieutenant, upon whose arm he was leaning.) Prithen, Naish, put aside that toy; you embarrass her." "A modest French woman! Ha, ha! (exclaimed Naish.) Why, man, have you been on a voyage of discoveries?" "Yes, (said Hamilton, smiling,) and have discovered that you are an illiberal, impudent Englishman. All my hope is, that they do not understand our language." "Then your fine speech would be lost, (replied Naish, half-offended.) Zounds! I will denounce you for a disaffected person; you favor the French, while you wear our King's livery." "The livery I wear, Sir, (said Hamilton, in a serious tone,) is my glory: I love it too well to disgrace it by insulting distressed modesty, though it may spring from a foreign soil." The Count, who understood English, hearing this, pressed his hand on his breast, and bowed with a look of gratitude. "Oh, if you are in a preaching mood, (said the mortified Naish,) I am off, I am for billiards to-night; how is your purse?" "As empty as your head, as hollow as your heart!" returned Hamilton, as his companion turned into the tavern; then following the in-

teresting emigrants, yet so as not to be noticed by them, he saw them enter the house in which he occupied a first floor; they ascended till they reached the upper story; and when Hamilton heard them lock their door, he retired to his own apartment.

## AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

The parents of Alfred Hamilton were wealthy and avaricious. At the age of eighteen, his father purchased him a pair of colors in a marching regiment, and thought he had done all a father need do, who had three growing girls to provide for. Alfred possessed a noble spirit, & a generous heart; but his liberality was restrained by the parsimony of his father, who reproached him continually for his extravagance, for not saving sufficient to purchase promotion, though his pay would scarcely procure him necessities. This scanty allowance he therefore husbanded with the strictest economy; and as this did not clash with the pursuits of his brother officers, he became their butt. Hamilton was content to retire to his chamber, and read, while they were all carousing over the bottle; and a blind beggar, with his half starved dog, would at any time draw from his purse the two shillings which would have paid for the second price of admission into the boxes. As he scorned to live on his billet, and spend the savings at a tavern, as some did, he was voted a quizz, and sent to Coventry, sometimes three times a week, for speaking plain truth to his superior officers. With regard to women, he was generally reckoned an *incorruptible*; the dissolute he abhorred; and of the virtuous he was not as yet met with one whom he dared venture to love.

In consequence of numerous little attentions on the side of Hamilton, an intimacy was by degrees established between the Count and our hero, productive of much regard on every side. His amiable manners was not lost on Claudine, whose admiration gradually increased to affection, which was warmly and virtuously returned by the young soldier. D'Arnaud perceived the growing attachment without alarm; but the licentious pursuit of Captain Naish gave him serious apprehensions for his daughter's safety, while he dreaded to disclose his thoughts lest he should raise the indignation of Hamilton, and give rise to some fatal consequences. His nice sense of honour told him he was acting wrongly, in permitting Claudine to receive the addresses of a young man, whose family would not approve of the connection; and his reflections were of the most distressing nature, when an anonymous letter gave him information which soon decided his conduct. He was apprised that Hamilton was already married; that his wife and child were to be found at a cottage two miles from Dover, to which a correct direction was given; and he was requested to keep the discovery secret, that the unfortunate woman might not be subjected to further ill treatment from her cruel and unfaithful husband. Distracted by this intelligence, yet determined not to be the dupe of misrepresentation, D'Arnaud hastened to the place described, where he, indeed, beheld the victim of a libertine: her beauty, tears, and pathetic recital of her wrongs, af-

fected the old man, he wept with her, and hastened home, sorrowful and indignant. Claudine was absent when he returned; she was trying to dispose of some fancy baskets, the produce of her ingenuity and industry. The Count was irritable in temper, and unmoveable in his resolutions; he accented Claudine hastily as she entered, "Have you sold any, child?" "Yes, Sir, I have been very successful to-day." "How much have you brought home?" "Two guineas." "Very well; we have five pounds in store; our wardrobe is soon packed; we must away to-morrow, child." Claudine gazed earnestly at him: "Away, Sir!" "Yes, child; we have enough for our travelling expenses; Heaven must dispose of us for the best hereafter; we must hasten to London." "Mr. Hamilton will be much surprised, Sir. Have you told him?" "Don't tease me, girl; go to bed. The stage will be ready at four o'clock." The Count saw her eyes were full of tears, and dreaded to enter into any explanation; while Claudine, terrified by his abrupt manner, and knowing that he never acted without a motive, sat lost in conjecture.

Claudine would have given the world to speak with Hamilton, but he was engaged out to supper; and she was full of concern to know what he would think of their sudden departure. The stage was full of passengers, and it was impossible to ask a question that day. In the afternoon, they were set down at the ——. The Count was so ill, it was judged necessary to put him to bed. Claudine watched by his side, and ventured to ask the reason of their hasty journey. "To save you from a villain, child," replied the Count. "A villain! my father: what do you mean?" the Count raised himself on his pillow, and told her what had passed. Claudine thought him delirious, and wept with anguish. She caught up a pen: "I will write to Hamilton." "Not for your life," cried the Count, starting up: "not as you dread my curse." Claudine laid aside the pen. But who can describe the pangs her heart endured? like a meek suffering angel, she knelt beside the bed of her aged parent, and prayed to heaven for his restoration. A few days convinced her that the Count was not deranged: he showed her the fatal letter; and depending on her good sense, and rectitude of principles, left her to her reflections. Claudine saw that all hope was lost: she condemned her own ready credulity, and strove to support her father's spirits by affected composure; yet she felt her misfortunes deeply; and, but for the necessity of exertion, would have sunk under it. Yet a father depended on her for comfort and support; and in the breast of Claudine, filial piety superseded every other sentiment.

The illness of the Count was tedious and alarming. Every time he slumbered, Claudine busied herself in preparing some ornamental work for sale. One day she stole out, elate with hope, and the pleasing expectation of success. She hurried through the crowded streets, and entered a shop where many tasteful works were exhibited. The woman who undertook to examine her merchandise, surveyed the fair emigrant with a sarcastic smile:—

"What do you ask for this basket, child?"

Claudine spoke but very imperfect English, but gave her to understand, that, not being much accustomed to work for money, she would trust to her own liberality. "Ah, that's all palavers," replied the smart shop-keeper. "I hate such cant, but it is just like you French. Now as for these basket things, we get 'em for nothing almost; for the streets swarm with emigrants, who are glad enough to change such fine gimcracks for a little English beef; to be sure these here are pretty enough; but, Lord here you, child, I am overstocked already." "Then, Madam," said Claudine, with some spirit, "you need not have detained me here to insult my feelings." "Bless my soul, Miss, you are mighty pert. Insult the feelings of a French emigrant, who comes here to live upon us like locusts, and snap the bread out of our mouths! No wonder times are hard, indeed, when we stand behind our counters, from morning to night, to help to feed such a vagabond set." Unable to bear this gross attack, Claudine burst into tears, and sunk into a chair. At that moment an elderly gentleman entered; he looked at Claudine with a look of concern, and inquired of the shopkeeper who she was. "Some fine, affected French maid, who wants me to buy her trumpery. Tricks in all trades I see!" But dear Sir, don't stand looking at her; my poor Dicky is so bad, he coughed for a whole hour this morning; and he is wishing for you; for he says, he is sure you will order him some more of that nice stuff with tamarinds in it." "You will be good enough to permit me to attend to this young lady, Mrs. Thompson; Dicky is not in immediate danger; this poor girl is very ill." Claudine, who had scarcely eaten any thing for three days, was, indeed, very faint; and the brutality of the shopkeeper, and overpowered her spirits, already depressed by misfortune. Perceiving she was an unwelcome intruder, she attempted to rise; the gentleman perceiving she wanted assistance, offered his arm, which necessity obliged her to accept. Turning to Mrs. Thompson, he told her he would call to see Dicky in an hour; and then inquired of Claudine where she lived; and as soon as she gave him her address, called a coach and begged permission to attend her home.

(To be Continued.)

## GLASS.

PLINY informs us, that the art of making Glass, was discovered in the following manner: As some merchants were carrying Nitre, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they employed some pieces of their Nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than Glass.

It is certain, that we are indebted to chance, more than genius, for many of the most valuable discoveries.

## FRIENDSHIP.

WE cannot tell the precise moment when Friendship is formed.—as in filling a vessel, drop by drop, there is a last drop which makes it run over; so, in a series of kindness, there is a last one which makes the heart run over. This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, happy is he who has experienced. This moment, worth while years of common life, fortunate is he who has enjoyed!

## LINES

Occasioned by the decease of an excellent Parent.

*SUCH is life! I exclaim'd with a sigh,  
As I bade a lov'd father adieu,  
When dull sorrow beset my dear eye,  
Which in mine spoke sympathy true.*

*Yet though sad was the day, it was cheer'd,  
By the hope—that ere long I should meet  
A dear parent, so justly record,  
And again enjoy intercourse sweet.*

*But, 'tis past, and death's cold cruel hand,  
Has bereft me of life's brightest ray;  
The reflection a tear will demand,  
Though kind faith forbids sorrow to stay.*

*She points to the regions on high,  
Where no anguish our heart-rending care  
Can intrude—but serene is the sky,  
And the prospect unclouded and fair.*

## JUVENILE SCROW.

*AS I wonder'd one morn, thro' your wood cover'd  
gale,  
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May;  
I look'd round in vain for my sweet little Saty,  
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven the way.*

*At length on a stick, by a walnut-tree shaded,  
I found her in tears—a dead bird in her lap—  
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,  
While she throbbing related her cruel mishap.*

*"Alas!" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame robin;  
"The naughty cat kill'd it!"—and then she caress'd  
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,  
Let fall a few tears on its blood-sprinkled breast.*

*I sigh'd, as I said to myself, 'tis with reason,  
That sages declare all is sorrow below;  
For even in childhood's dearest season,  
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!*

## THE DEXTEROUS EVASION.

*THE Doctor was just on the very last stair  
You're the room of his son, when of damself a  
pair*

*I escap'd by the opposite door:  
Whilst the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,  
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)  
He began most intently to pore.*

*When the Doctor beheld him, cried he, overjoy'd,  
"To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employ'd,  
"Your affectionate father much pleases;  
"But what were you reading?—your Blackstone?"  
"Why, no, Sir,  
"I was only beguiling an hour or so, Sir."  
"But what was that?"—"why some to give pieces."*

## ON A WELSHMAN.

*A Welshman coming late into an inn,  
Asked the maid, what meat there was within;  
Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton;  
But, quoth the Welshman, since I am no mutton,  
Either of them shall serve; to night the breast,  
The heels I'll th' morning; then th' next meat is best.  
At night he took the breast, and did not pay—  
I'll th' morning took his heels, and ran away.*

## EXTRACT

From Dr. Goldsmith's Essays.

TO know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the profession may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment, for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people ever take it into their heads to live without cloaths, I am undone. I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "But, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have one hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overtook the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes, but the poor conjurer with his hundred tricks could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to count pins; no single creature would relieve him: till at last he was obliged to beg from the very Taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

One obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavor to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves of every company: have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contagious impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to be of the generality of admirers on our side, is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the market place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature that seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general appalled; but each willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatised whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came he was mortified to find the picture a universal blot, not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and exposing his picture as before, desired every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired.—The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty: every stroke which had yesterday been condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well, cries the painter, I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing but one half of it.

## THE OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

I determin'd the moment I left off my bib,  
I would never become any man's crooked rib,  
And think you to fright me, when gravely you tell  
That old maids will surely lead apes when in hell?  
I'll take the reversion, and grant 'twill be so  
But yet I shall keep to my vow,  
For I'd rather lead Apes in the regions below,  
Than be led by a foolish ape now.

## WANDERING MARY.

BLACK blows the storm upon this heath,  
Whose meet is life consuming sorrow;  
Oh! lead me to some place of rest,  
Where I may slumber till to-morrow.

You close my face—it once was fair—  
At last you're in my charming Harry;  
But he is gone, and black despair  
Is now the lot of Wand'ring Mary.

Bright shone our little house beside the door,  
Love soon his wings with pleasure bearing;  
But soon he left our little bower,  
While I of bliss was fondly dreaming.

A soldier's coat all over my face—  
I wept—I wept—he would not tarry—  
I pray'd him by the altar's side  
Not to desert his faithful Mary.

Alas! how small I speak the rest?  
The grief that's in my bosom burning?  
The cold ring wraps his bleeding breast,  
And can you blame his Mary's mourning?

Nor house, nor home, nor friend have I  
Except this babe, my pledge of Harry;  
And youne does his infant eye,  
That w'd to glad the marriage of Mary.

No thief am I, as some allege,  
Though sore have cold and hunger try'd me;  
I pick the berry from the hedge,  
When human aid is oft denied me.

But hush, my babe, though large the load,  
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry;  
Within some cold grave's bleak abode,  
You'll sweetly sleep with Wand'ring Mary.

J. K. M.

## FEMALE SWINDLER.

About a year ago, in Paris, a woman who was  
where amie to one of the French officers, hired an  
elegant equipage, and putting herself, her  
coachman, and two footmen in deep mourning,  
stopped at the Lunatic Hospital for Incurables,  
and informed the superior that she was a widow  
who had only one son, and in vain had he re-  
ceived every medical assistance for an obstinate  
phrenzy; that he raved without intermission,  
and, although heir to immense riches, would  
sometimes insist that he was only a jeweller's  
journeyman. She said she would bring him in  
about an hour, and as she knew his raving fit  
would come on long before the evening, she  
begged, for their own safety, they would bind  
him hand and foot, and put him into a room by  
himself. This done, the lady repaired to an  
eminent jeweller, desiring to see some of his  
finest diamonds, which she made choice of to the  
amount of three thousand louis d'ors; but not  
having such a sum about her, she took the dia-  
monds, and requested a youth she saw attending  
in the shop, might step into the carriage with  
her, and the money should be paid him immedi-  
ately. She then took the poor boy to the  
Hospital, where her former orders were obeyed  
in spite of all his tears and intreaties; and while  
the jeweller was doubting the fidelity of his  
servant, by his not returning home the whole  
night, the lady had time to decap with her  
boy. A surgeon who visited the hospital, and  
knowing the boy, restored him to his master,  
—but the swindler has not since been  
heard of.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 13, 1853.

Thirty six *Double* have occurred in this city  
during the last week, ending the 6th inst.

A man by the name of Jethro Royster, was  
killed a few days ago in Granville county, by  
another named Nathaniel Norwood. They were  
playing at Cards, when a quarrel arose, and  
Norwood struck Royster on the head with a  
piece of board. Although several persons were  
present, yet no attempts were made to secure  
Norwood, who made his escape.

The Emperor of France has decreed, that  
every adult inhabitant of St. Domingo, who has  
been driven there from by the ferocious blacks,  
shall be allowed a pension of 500 livres per  
year;—married men 500, and for each child 100.

Boston pap.

CANANDAIGUA, June 25.

Detroit in ashes?—A letter from a gentleman  
of respectability at Bullface Creek, dated the  
20th inst, to a friend in this town, contains the  
following distressing intelligence:

"By the schooner Charlotte, capt. Nihen,  
who arrived at Fort Erie yesterday, we are in-  
formed that the whole town of Detroit is totally  
consumed by Fire, not a single house in town  
left standing!

"The fire, it is said, first made its appearance  
in a stable near the centre of the town, about 9  
o'clock in the morning, and such was the rapid-  
ity of its ravages that at 12 o'clock not one  
house remained. The Citadel, which was rather  
detached, and in which were the Barracks,  
Officers' quarters, and Contractors' stores, was  
entirely consumed."

Note.—Detroit is the seat of government of  
the Michigan Territory, and contained up-  
wards of 500 houses, built of wood, in a compact  
manner, and above 2000 inhabitants.

MARIETTA, June 6.

The following melancholy occurrence took  
place a few days since, on the bank of the river  
Ohio, near the mouth of Big Sandy in Kan-  
hawa county.

The son of a Dr. Hampton had married (not  
long since) the daughter of Col. Stotridge, and  
had taken her to reside with him at his father's  
house. Col. Stotridge having been informed that  
Dr. Hampton misused his daughter, had  
threatened to chastise him in case he did not  
change his conduct. It happened that they  
met on Sunday at the usual place of assembling  
on that day for public worship; after divine  
service was ended, Col. Stotridge concluded to  
call on his daughter, whom he had not seen for  
some time, and was walking up a short lane,  
which led from the river to Dr. Hampton's  
house; when he was within thirty yards of the  
door, Dr. Hampton stepped out with his rifle, and  
said to Col. Stotridge, "you are near enough,"  
and immediately discharged it at him; the bul-  
let went through the body of Col. Stotridge,  
who expired about two hours after. The dis-  
tress of the son and daughter cannot be de-  
scribed. The daughter beheld her murdered father  
breathing his last, while the husband, unable  
to console her, had a still more distressing scene  
to witness. A Father and a Murderer, bound  
before his eyes and dragged to prison, in all  
probability to end his life on a Gallows.

Col. Stotridge declared previously to his death  
that he had no intention of injuring Dr. Ham-  
pton.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

O! by your sweet examples mild,  
Teach every youth, of manners wild,  
That marriage has no chains;—  
No keen remorse, with scorpion stings,  
Close to the honest bosom clings,  
No disappointment pains.

## MARRIED.

On Monday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr.  
Rodgers, Capt. John Patterson Morris, of Rhode-  
Island, to Miss Jan M'Kay, of this city.

On Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr.  
Miller, Mr. Samuel Brewer, to Miss Mary Ann  
Coppinger, all of this city.

## MORTALITY.

LIFE'S storm subsided, thou hast gain'd the shore  
Far, far remote from plaintive voice of woe;  
Where heart corroding cares perplex no more,  
You taste those joys the world can never know.

## DIED.

At Alexandria, on Monday the 1st inst. Mrs.  
JANE FAIRFAX, relict of the late Bryan  
(Lord) Fairfax, after a short illness; greatly la-  
mented by those who had the pleasure of her  
acquaintance.

Lately, at Cape Francois, Mr. JOHN WIL-  
LIAMSON, aged about 21 years, son of Mr.  
Rem Williamson, of Gravesend, Long-Island.—  
This unfortunate young man sailed from this  
port in November last, and fell a victim to the  
West-India fever in the bloom of his life, leav-  
ing an aged father and an extensive circle of en-  
dearing relatives to lament his untimely fate.

In Europe, the Rev. THOMAS COCKE, L. D.  
one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal  
Church in the United States of America.

At Mohegan, near New-London, MARTHA,  
aged 120. She was widow of Zacharia, one of  
the Nobility of Mohegan Tribe of Indians, and  
many years an Agent from said Tribe to the  
General Assembly of Connecticut.

## MILINARY.

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line  
of business so soon as he intended, without great loss on  
his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers  
and the public that he still continues his business at his  
Store, No. 115 William-Street, where he has a general  
assortment of Straw, Leather, and Paper Bonnets at ul-  
ah, Wholesale and Retail.

April 27.

851ff.

## NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,  
FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of  
his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.  
The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though  
small is well chosen; and in which if encouragement  
offered, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit,  
as soon as they appear. Catalogues delivered gratis.  
For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and  
Stationary.

March 23. 1853.

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST  
RHEUMATIC OINTMENT.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five  
books, from the German of Geffroy; with a beautiful  
likeness of the Author.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE CHINESE DINNER.

A fact which occurred during Lord Macartney's Embassy to China.

THE feast prepar'd, the splendor round,  
Ailow'd the eye no rest;  
The wealth of "Ormus and the Ind;"  
Appear'd to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,  
The solemn silence broke,  
Because, 'tis said, our Englishman  
No word of Chinese spoke.

Now here, now there he pick'd a bit  
Of what he could not name,  
And all he knew was that, in fact,  
They made him sick, the same.

CHING TAU, his host, pres'd on each dish,  
With polish'd Chinese grace,  
And much Ching thought he relish'd them,  
At ev'ry ugly face.

At last he swore, he'd eat no more,  
("Twas written in his looks")  
"For zounds," said he, "the Devil here  
Sends both the meat and cooks!"

But, covers chang'd he brighten'd up,  
And thought himself in luck,  
When close before him, what he saw  
Seem'd something like a duck.

Still cautious grown, and to be sure,  
His brain he set to rack;  
At length he turn'd to one behind,  
And, pointing, cried "Quack, quack!"

The Chinese gravely shook his head,  
Next made a reverent bow,  
And then express'd what did it was,  
By utt'ring, "Bow, woe, now!"

(Milton.)

## ANECDOTE.

### AIR OF IRELAND.

LADY CARTERET, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Swift's time, said to him one day, "The air of this country is good." Swift fell on his knees and said, "For God's sake Madam, don't mention that in England—they'll certainly tax it."

### WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-Street, four doors from WILLIAM STREET.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with various; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair shirts cleaned and restained. He has also erected a HOT CALICOES. All commissions will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. (To Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets cleaned and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets cleaned. Best Hanging Bows upon Cotton and Linen; Dyes Buffs for sale. June 1805. 85d. 37.

## MORALIST.

### KNOWLEDGE & IGNORANCE.

AN ignorant person, that falls into error, is more excusable than a man of sense that commits the same fault. The former resembles the blind, who unable to direct his own steps, loses his way; the latter is like him, who, with the eyes of a lynx, suffers himself to fall into a pit.

## NOTICE.

The creditors of John Old, and Gilbert Pardy, insolvent debtors, confined in the goal of the County of Bergen, are hereby notified that the judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, have appointed to meet at the Court House in New-Bardonia said county, on the twenty ninth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to hear what can be alleged for or against the liberation of the said debtors, pursuant to the laws of New-Jersey in such case made and provided, and agreeable to the petition of the said insolvents.

JOHN OLD,  
GILBERT PARDY.

Bergen County Goal, June 17, 1805. 859. 6.

## LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his school at No. 17 Banker-Street as usual, and will open another the first of May in this spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Strand and Orchard-Street, now occupied by Mr. Whiggs. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purports living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several gentle boarders, the house being very roomy and therewith a beautiful yard of five acres of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

### Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 PARK, to No. 71 NASSAU-STREET. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so near in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the most set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most rapid TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved inefficacious, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CALIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-Street where may be had his ANTISCORBUIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthy red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delicious sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with ECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

THE TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waite's Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane July 13, 1805. 862. 11.

## N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer from London, of the New York Hair Powder and Perfumery manufactory, (the Golden Rule) No 124 Broadway opposite the City Church. Ladies and Beauties, &c. Elastic wafers & scented Caters.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmétique Wash ball, for improving in any other, for cleansing, bleaching, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 81. each.

Smith's Chemical Abfurgent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's mucous Pouches for travelling, that add all the finishing apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Rofes for fanning & cooling.

Vinous and palm top, as per square.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Rofes is well known for clearing the skin from teats, pimples, redness or furburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin in extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen also having, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dols per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for dressing the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1 pound 6s. 4s. 2s. Violet, double scented Kofe 4s. and 6d.

Smith's favourite royal milk, for softening the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only at him, with directions, 4s. and 8s per pot do. pale.

Smith's chemical Dentrice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl-Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes—Almond powder for the skin, 8s 1lb.

Smith's Cicafia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl.

His purified Almond Shaving Cake, made in Chemical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 4s per box.

\*. THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Doffing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, supple white Scented Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. (To Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.)

Ladies and Gentlemen's pocket books.

## REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

### MICHAEL MCGREANE,

No. 9 BROAD-STREET,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

\*. A few Servants on the Books, well recommended. May 25, 1805. 855. d.

## TO PRINTERS.

A Font of Long-Primer, about half worn, for sale at this office, cheap for cash.

## Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c. Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

## NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.



"What do you ask for this basket, child?" Claudine spoke but very imperfect english, but gave her to understand, that, not being much accustomed to work for money, she would trust to her own liberality. "Ah, that's all palaver," replied the smart shop-keeper. I hates such cant, but it is just like you French. Now as for these here things, we gets 'em for nothing almost; for the streets swarms with emigrants, who are glad enough to change such fine gimcracks for a little English beef: to be sure these here are pretty enough; but, Lord love you, child, I am overstocked already." "Then, Madam," said Claudine, with some spirit, "you need not have detained me here to insult my feelings." "Bless my soul, Miss, you are mighty pert. Insult the feelings of a French emigrant, who comes here to live upon us like locusts, and snap the bread out of our mouths! No wonder times are hard, indeed, when we stand behind our counters, from morning to night, to help to feed such a vagabond set." Unable to bear this gross attack, Claudine burst into tears, and sunk into a chair. At that moment an elderly gentleman entered: he looked at Claudine with a look of concern, and inquired of the shopkeeper who she was. "Some fine, affected French madam, who wants me to buy her trumpery. Tricks in all trades I see!—But dear Sir, don't stand looking at her; my poor Dicky is so bad, he coughed for a whole hour this morning; and he is wishing for you; for he says, he is sure you will order him some more of that nice stuff with tamarinds in it." "You will be good enough to permit me to attend to this young lady, Mrs. Thompson: Dicky is not in immediate danger; this poor girl is very ill." Claudine, who had scarcely eaten any thing for three days, was, indeed, very faint; and the brutality of the shopkeeper had overpowered her spirits, already depressed by misfortune. Perceiving she was an unwelcome intruder, she attempted to rise: the gentleman perceiving she wanted assistance, offered his arm, which necessity obliged her to accept. Turning to Mrs. Thompson, he told her he would call to see Dicky in an hour; and then inquired of Claudine where she lived; and as soon as she gave him her address, called a coach and begged permission to attend her home.

(To be Continued.)

#### GLASS.

PLINY informs us, that the art of making Glass, was discovered in the following manner: As some merchants were carrying Nitre, they stopt near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they employed some pieces of their Nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than Glass.

It is certain, that we are indebted to chance, more than genius, for many of the most valuable discoveries.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

WE cannot tell the precise moment when Friendship is formed.—as in filling a vessel, drop by drop, there is a last drop which makes it run over; so, in a series of kindness, there is a last one which makes the heart run over. This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, happy is he who has experienced. This moment, worth whole years of common life, fortunate is he who has enjoyed!

#### LINES

Occasioned by the decease of an excellent Parent.

*SUCH is life! I exclaim'd with a sigh,  
As I bade a lov'd father adieu,  
When dull sorrow beclouded that eye,  
Which in mine spoke sympathy true.*

*Yet though sad was the day, it was cheer'd,  
By the hope—that ere long I should meet  
A dear parent, so justly reverd,  
And again enjoy intercourse sweet.*

*But, 'tis past, and death's cold cruel hand,  
Has bereft me of life's brightest ray;  
The reflection a tear will demand,  
Though kind faith forbids sorrow to stay.*

*She points to the regions on high,  
Where no anguish nor heart-rending care  
Can intrude—but serene is the sky,  
And the prospect's unclouded and fair.*

#### JUVENILE SORROW.

*AS I wander'd one morn, thro' yon wood cover'd  
valley,  
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May;  
I look'd round in vain for my sweet little Sally,  
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven the way.*

*At length on a stile, by a walnut-tree shaded,  
I found her in tears—a dead bird in her lap—  
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,  
While she throbbing related her cruel mishap.*

*"Alas!" she exclaim'd, "see my little tame robin;  
"The naughty cat kill'd it!"—and then she caress'd  
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,  
Let fall a few tears on its blood-sprinkled breast.*

*I sigh'd, as I said to myself, 'tis with reason,  
That sages declare all is sorrow below;  
For even in childhood's delightful season,  
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe!*

#### THE DEXTEROUS EVASION.

*THE Doctor was just on the very last stair  
Tow'rd's the room of his son, when of damsels a pair  
Escap'd by the opposite door:  
Whilst the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,  
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)  
He began most intently to pore.*

*When the Doctor beheld him, cried he, overjoy'd,  
"To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employ'd,  
"Your affectionate father much pleases;  
"But what were you reading?—your Blackstone?"  
"Why, no, Sir,  
"I was only beguiling an hour or so, Sir;"  
"But with what?"—"Why some fugitive pieces."*

#### ON A WELSHMAN.

*A Welshman coming late into an inn,  
Asked the maid, what meat there was within:  
Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton:  
But, quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton,  
Either of them shall serve; to-night the breast,  
The heels I th' morning; then tight meat is best.  
At night he took the breast, and did not pay—  
I th' morning took his heels, and ran away.*

#### EXTRACT

From Dr. Goldsmith's Essays.

TO know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment, for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. 'Alas!' cries the tailor, 'what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people ever take it into their heads to live without cloaths, I am undone, I have no other trade to have resource to.' 'Indeed friend, I pity you sincerely,' replies the conjurer: 'But, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me; for if one trick should fail, I have one hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary apply to me, and I will relieve you.' A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes, but the poor conjurer with his hundred tricks could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him: till at last he was obliged to beg from the very Taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

One obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavor to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves of every company: have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the market place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature that seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general applauded; but each willing to shew his talent at criticism, stigmatised whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot, not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner, and exposing his picture as before, desired every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired.—The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty: every stroke which had yesterday been condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well, cries the painter, I now find that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing but one half of it.

#### THE OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

*I determin'd the moment I left off my bib,  
I would never become any man's crooked rib,  
And think you to fright me, when gravely you tell  
That old maids will surely lead apes when in hell?  
I'll take the reversion, and grant 'twill be so  
But yet I shall keep to my vow,  
For I'd rather lead Apes in the regions below,  
Than be led by a foolish ape now.*

## WANDERING MARY.

BLEAK blows the storm upon this breast,  
Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow;  
Oh! lead me to some place of rest,  
Where I may slumber till to-morrow.

You view my face—it once was fair—  
At least so said my charming Harry;  
But he is gone, and black despair  
Is now the lot of Wand'ring Mary.

Bright shone our blithsome bridal hour,  
Love soon his wings with pleasure beaming;  
But soon he left our little bower,  
While I of bliss was fondly dreaming.

A soldier's coat allur'd my love—  
I wept—I kneel'd—he would not tarry—  
I pray'd him by the Pow'r above  
Not to desert his faithful Mary:

Alas! how shall I speak the rest?  
The grief that's in my bosom burning?  
The cold clay wraps his bleeding breast,  
And can you blame his Mary's mourning?

Nor house, nor home, nor friend have I  
Except this babe, my pledge of Harry;  
And famine dims his infant eye,  
That us'd to glad the mournful Mary.

No thief am I, as some alledge,  
Though sore have cold and hunger try'd me;  
I pluck the berry from the hedge,  
When human aid is oft denied me.

But hush, my babe, though large the load  
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry;  
Within some cold grave's bleak abode,  
You'll sweetly sleep with Wand'ring Mary.

J. K. M.

## FEMALE SWINDLER.

About a year ago, in Paris, a woman who was *where amie* to one of the French officers, hired an elegant equipage, and putting herself, her coachman, and two footmen in deep mourning, stopped at the Lunatic Hospital for Incurables, and informed the superior that she was a widow who had only one son, and in vain had he received every medical assistance for an obstinate phrenzy; that he raved without intermission, and, although heir to immense riches, would sometimes insist that he was only a jeweller's journeyman. She said she would bring him in about an hour, and as she knew his raving fit would come on long before the evening, she begged, for their own safety, they would bind him hand and foot, and put him into a room by himself. This done, the lady repaired to an eminent jeweller, desiring to see some of his finest diamonds, which she made choice of to the amount of three thousand louis d'ors; but not having such a sum about her, she took the diamonds, and requested a youth she saw attending in the shop, might step into the carriage with her, and the money should be paid him immediately. She then took the poor boy to the Hospital, where her former orders were obeyed in spite of all his tears and intreaties; and while the jeweller was doubting the fidelity of his servant, by his not returning home the whole night, the lady had time to decamp with her booty. A surgeon who visited the hospital, and knowing the boy, restored him to his master;—but the swindler has not since been heard of.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 13, 1805.

Thirty-six Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 6th inst.

A man by the name of Jethro Royster, was killed a few days ago in Granville county, by another named Nathaniel Norwood. They were playing at Cards, when a quarrel arose, and Norwood struck Royster on the head with a piece of board. Although several persons were present, yet no attempts were made to secure Norwood, who made his escape.

The Emperor of France has decreed, that every adult inhabitant of St. Domingo, who has been driven therefrom by the ferocious blacks, shall be allowed a pension of 300 livres per year;—married men 500, and for each child 100.  
Boston psp.

CANANDAIGUA, June 25.

Detroit in ashes!—A letter from a gentleman of respectability at Buffalo Creek, dated the 20th inst, to a friend in this town, contains the following distressing intelligence:

"By the schooner Charlotte, capt. Nihen, who arrived at Fort Erie yesterday, we are informed that the whole town of Detroit is totally consumed by Fire, not a single house in town left standing!

"The fire, it is said, first made its appearance in a stable near the centre of the town, about 9 o'clock in the morning, and such was the rapidity of its ravages that at 12 o'clock not one house remained. The Citadel, which was rather detached, and in which were the Barracks, Officers' quarters, and Contractors' stores, was entirely consumed."

Note.—Detroit is the seat of government of the Michigan Territory, and contained upwards of 300 houses, built of wood, in a compact manner, and above 2000 inhabitants.

MARIETTA, June 6.

The following melancholy occurrence took place a few days since, on the bank of the river Ohio, near the mouth of Big Sandy in Kan-hawa county.

The son of a Dr. Hampton had married (not long since) the daughter of Col. Stotridge, and had taken her to reside with him at his father's house. Col. Stotridge having been informed that Dr. Hampton misused his daughter, had threatened to chastise him in case he did not change his conduct. It happened that they met on Sunday at the usual place of assembling on that day for public worship; after divine service was ended, Col. Stotridge concluded to call on his daughter, whom he had not seen for some time, and was walking up a short lane, which led from the river to Dr. Hampton's house; when he was within thirty yards of the door, Dr. Hampton stepped out with his rifle, and said to Col. Stotridge, "you are near enough," and immediately discharged it at him; the bullet went through the body of Col. Stotridge, who expired about two hours after. The distress of the son and daughter cannot be described. The daughter beheld her murdered father breathing his last, while the husband, unable to console her, had a still more distressing scene to witness.....a Father and a Murderer, bound before his eyes and dragged to prison, in all probability to end his life on a Gallows.

Col. Stotridge declared previous to his death that he had no intention of injuring Dr. Hampton.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

O! by your sweet examples mild,  
Teach ev'ry youth, of manners wild,  
That marriage has no chains;—  
No keen remorse, with scorpion stings,  
Close to the honest bosom clings,  
No disappointment pains.

MARRIED,

On Monday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Capt. John Patterson Morris, of Rhode-Island, to Miss Ann M'Kay, of this city.

On Thursday Evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Samuel Brewer, to Miss Mary Ann Coppinger, all of this city.

## MORTALITY.

LIFE'S storm subsided, thou hast gain'd the shore  
Far, far remote from plaintive voice of woe;  
Where heart corroding cares perplex no more,  
You taste those joys the world can never know.

DIED,

At Alexandria, on Monday the 1st inst. Mrs. JANE FAIRFAX, relict of the late Bryan (Lord) Fairfax, after a short illness; greatly lamented by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Lately, at Cape Francois, Mr. JOHN WILLIAMSON, aged about 21 years, son of Mr. Rem Williamson, of Gravesend, Long-Island.—This unfortunate young man sailed from this port in November last, and fell a victim to the West-India fever in the bloom of his life, leaving an aged father and an extensive circle of endearing relatives to lament his untimely fate.

In Europe, the Rev. THOMAS COKE, L. L. D. one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

At Mohegan, near New-London, MARTHA, aged 120. She was widow of Zacharia, one of the Nobility of Mohegan Tribe of Indians, and many years an Agent from said Tribe to the General Assembly of Connecticut.

## MILENARY.

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business as soon as he intended, without great loss on his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his Store, No. 119 William-Street, where he has a general assortment of Straw, Leghorn, and Paper Bonnets as usual, Whole Sale and Retail.

April 27.

B5ut.

## NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,  
FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues, delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and Stationary.  
March 23 185.

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST  
RHEUMATIC OINTMENT,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five books, from the German of Gessner; with a beautiful likeness of the Author,



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE CHINESE DINNER.

*A fact which occurred during Lord Macartney's Embassy to China,*

THE feast prepar'd, the splendor round,  
Allow'd the eye no rest;  
The wealth of "Ormus and the Ind"  
Appear'd to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,  
The solemn silence broke,  
Because, 'tis said, our Englishman  
No word of Chinese spoke,

Now here, now there he pick'd a bit  
Of what he could not name,  
And all he knew was that, in fact,  
They made him sick, the same.

CHING TAU, his host, press'd on each dish,  
With polish'd Chinese grace,  
And much Ching thought he relish'd them,  
At ev'ry ugly face.

At last he swore, he'd eat no more,  
('Twas written in his looks!')  
"For zounds," said he, "the Devil here  
Sends both the meat and cooks!"

But, covers chang'd he brighten'd up,  
And thought himself in luck,  
When close before him, what he saw  
Seem'd something like a duck.

Still cautious grown, and to be sure,  
His brain he set to rack;  
At length he turn'd to one behind,  
And, pointing, cried "Quack, quack?"

The Chinese gravely shook his head,  
Next made a rev'rent bow,  
And then express'd what dish it was,  
By uttering, "Bow, wow, wow!"

†Milton.

## ANECDOTE.

### AIR OF IRELAND.

LADY CARTERET, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Swift's time, said to him one day, "The air of this country is good." Swift fell on his knees and said, "For God's sake Madam, don't mention that in England—they'll certainly tax it."

### WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from

WILLIAM-STREET.

CLEANS and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair shawls cleaned and extended. He has also erected a HOT CALLENDER. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Nest standing Blue upon Cotton and Linnen; Dyer Stuffs for sale.

June 1 1805.

856, 17.

## MORALIST.

### KNOWLEDGE & IGNORANCE.

AN ignorant person, that falls into error, is more excusable than a man of learning that commits the same fault. The former resembles the blind, who, unable to direct his own steps, loses his way; the latter is like him, who, with the eyes of a lynx, suffers himself to fall into a pit.

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JOHN OLD,

GILBERT PURDY.

Bergen County Goal, June 17, 1805.

859, 67.

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W. D. LEZELL.

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86a, 16.

## N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No 114 Broad-way opposite the City Hotel.

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Smith's Chemical Abfurgent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

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